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A DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

LIFE, CHARACTER, AND GENIUS

OF THE LATE

REV. J. H. THORNWELL, D. D., LL. D.,

PROFESSOR OF DIDACTIC AND POLEMIC THEOLOGY IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

DELIVERED

BY REV. B. M. PALMER, D. D.

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DISCOURSE.*

"We all of us reverence, and must ever reverence, great men:" for, adds Mr. Carlyle, in his terse, epigrammatic way, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here;" "in every epoch, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a thinker who teaches other men *his* way of thought, and spreads the shadow of his own likeness over sections of the history of the world?" What remains have we of the hoary past, save a few monumental works, and a few names linked to those in eternal memory? All beside is buried in the forgetfulness of history, from which there is no resurrection. And when this busy time of ours shall retreat before the coming age that crowds it back, how few that now write, and plot, and work, will flit among the shades, and be known as the men without whom history could not have been? The world's great masters must needs be few. As from the earth's undulating surface only here and there a mountain peak lifts its solemn front in solitary grandeur, wrapping the grey clouds around its head, so only at intervals does a true thinker lift himself above the mean level upon which other men more humbly

* The following Discourse, commemorating the life and labors of the late Rev. Dr. Thornwell, was delivered in the Presbyterian church, Columbia, South Carolina, on the evening of September 17, 1862, at the request of the officers of the church, and in the presence of members of the Board of Directors of the Theological Seminary

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tread. The integration of society demands this gradation in mind, this relation between teacher and taught, between the leader and the led; and no such democracy will ever be established, in which the many do not bow with the instinct of loyalty before the imperial supremacy of those whom God has given to be princes in intellect among them.

Christian fathers and brethren, such a thinker has passed from the midst of us; and we sit together this day under the shadow of a bitter bereavement, doing homage to one of earth's best heroes—it is assembled Greece placing the laurel wreath upon the brow of one who wrestled nobly in the Olympic game of life. A bright and beautiful vision has vanished from us for ever: a man gifted with the highest genius,—not that fatal gift of genius which, without guidance, so often blasts its possessor, its baleful gleam blighting every thing pure and true on earth,—but genius disciplined by the severest culture, and harnessing itself to the practical duties of life, until it wrought a work full of blessing and comfort to mankind; a mind which ranged through the broad fields of human knowledge, gathered up the fruits of almost universal learning, and wove garlands of beauty around discussions the most thorny and abstruse; an intellect steeped in philosophy, which soared upon its eagle wings into the highest regions of speculative thought, then stooped with meek docility and worshipped in childlike faith at the cross of Christ; a man who held communion with all of every age that had eternal thoughts, and then brought the treasures hoarded in the literature of the past, and sanctified them to the uses of practical religion. Yet, a man not coldly great, but who could stoop from lofty contemplation to sport and toy with the loving ones around his hearthstone; with a heart warm with the instincts of friendship, so brave, so generous and true, that admiration of his genius was lost in affection for the man, and the breath of envy never withered a single leaf of all the honors with

which a grateful generation crowned him. Alas! that death should have power to crush out such a life! Our Chrysostom is no more! The "golden mouth" is sealed up in silence for ever!

> "The chord, the harp's full chord, is hushed;
> The voice hath died away,
> Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed
> But yesterday."

"The glory of man is as the flower of grass;" "our fathers, where are they: and the prophets, do they live for ever?" The men who with their heroic deeds make history to-day, become its theme and song to-morrow!

This rude outline, dashed upon the canvass, it is the privilege of one who loved him well to fill up now with cautious touches; and if the affection of the artist should impart a warmth of coloring to the picture, the truthfulness of the portraiture will yet, we trust, vindicate itself to those who knew the original.

Dr. James H. Thornwell was born of poor but honorable parentage, December 9, 1812, in the District of Chesterfield, South Carolina; but as his parents removed, in the second month of his infancy, into Marlborough, he always hailed from the latter District, where he simply escaped being born, and with which the associations of his boyhood were identified. By the early death of his father, a young family was thrown, in straitened circumstances, upon the guidance of a widowed mother, who proved, as is so often the case, equal to her high trust. She is described by those who knew her, as a woman possessing a vigorous understanding, great strength of will, firmness of purpose, and a boundless ambition for the advancement of her sons, in whom she traced indications of more than ordinary mental endowments. We are thus furnished with another illustration of a popular theory, that in the transmission of natural qualities from parent to child, intellectual traits come predominantly from

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the maternal side, while perhaps the moral qualities descend more conspicuously from the paternal. It may well be questioned if history reveals a single instance of a truly great man who had a fool for his mother. It is still more important to observe, in this case, the fulfilment of His promise, who has said: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Who has not been compelled to notice the blessing of God upon these broken households, in which a feeble and desolate woman has lifted up her soul to God for strength to bear the burdens of her own sex, increased by those which should have devolved upon her stricken fellow; amidst weakness and pain, poverty and sorrow, toiling to support her fatherless ones, and reaping, in the lapse of years, the pious widow's reward, in seeing her orphan children emerge from obscurity and want to the highest distinctions in society? The full recompense of her toil and tears was meted out to this widowed mother; she lived to see her prophetic hopes realized, as her son, clothed with all the honors of the academician, sat among the senators and nobles of the land, the noblest patrician of them all, the pride of his native State, the joy and ornament of the Church, and, with a fame spread over two continents, the peerless man of his time. At length, in a satisfied old age, she lay down to her long rest beneath his roof; and now the lasting marble speaks the reverence he felt through life for her to whose firm guidance the waywardness of his youth was so much a debtor.

The education of young Thornwell was commenced in one of those log-cabin schools which have not yet entirely disappeared from the country. But the first teacher whose name deserves to be linked with his in grateful remembrance was a Mr. McIntyre, from North Carolina, who taught in his mother's neighborhood one of those mixed schools, partly supported by the free-school policy of the

State and partly by the fees of more affluent scholars. Upon removing to a different portion of the District, Mr. McIntyre determined upon taking with him a pupil in whose rare promise he had become so deeply interested, and effected an arrangement by which he was gratuitously boarded in the family of Mr. Pegues, while he imparted an equally gratuitous instruction. A sentiment of delicacy would prompt the historian to pass over these more private facts, if they did not form the links in the chain of opportunities furnished by a gracious Providence, and without which this youth might have shared the fate of those hapless sons of genius deplored by Gray:

> "Whose hands the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.
>
> "But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
> Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul."

Another hand was now stretched forth to pluck from obscurity our "mute, inglorious Milton." A physician, Dr. Graves, whom professional attendance at the house of Mr. Pegues brought occasionally into contact with the subject of our story, was so impressed with his precocious talents as to make him the burden of frequent, and of what seemed then, extravagant panegyric. Amongst others, he expatiated before General Samuel W. Gillespie upon the youthful prodigy he had discovered, as one who might become, with the advantages of education, the future President of the country. This hyperbole, so illustrative of our democratic way of thinking, is quoted here only to show the profound impression which his unquestioned genius made from earliest youth upon all with whom he was associated. Upon the strength of such representations, General Gillespie, with his brother, James Gillespie, and Mr. Robbins, at that time a legal practitioner in Cheraw, resolved con-

jointly to secure his education. Pale and sickly in appearance, and of extremely diminutive stature, his personal presence seemed a burlesque of the hopes entertained on his behalf, and provoked many a quiet jest at the expense of those who had ventured such lofty predictions of his future eminence. But these forgot the apothegm of Watts, "the mind is the measure of the man;" and never did a frail body enshrine a spirit of nobler mould, a soul more allied to the God who gave it. His removal, in 1825, to Cheraw, consequent upon these new relations, brought him under the immediate superintendence of his patron, Mr. Robbins; with whom he lived, and who undertook his private instruction, evincing from the beginning his appreciation of his ward, by lifting him at once into the confidence and intimacy of an equal. He was soon, however, transferred from the private preceptorship of Mr. Robbins to the more systematic discipline of the Cheraw Academy, where he remained until prepared for admission into college. It is instructive to pause at every stage in such a history and trace the influences by which a capacious intellect was trained for unparalleled usefulness and honor. It can not be doubted that a familiar association of five years with an improved and mature mind, stimulated a most rapid and vigorous developement of mind and character. Few laid aside at so early an age the things of a child, and assumed so early the attitude and proportions of a man. Possessing, according to his own testimony, the ambition to become all that was possible—with a burning thirst for knowledge which no acquisitions could quench, he had daily before his eyes, in his patron and friend, what seemed to him the personification of knowledge; and whose fuller stores poured forth in hourly converse the aliment upon which a growing mind would delight to feed. Under the promptings of such a noble ambition, with a lofty ideal ever beckoning him forward, he laid in these early years

the foundation of those habits of intense application which never deserted him to the close of life; and here, too, was laid the basis of that accurate scholarship which only needed the enlargement of after years and fuller opportunities to render him the wonder he became in the eyes of scholars like himself. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this history is, the happy training by which he was disciplined from the opening of his career. Not only did he study while other boys gambolled and sported; not only did he dig into the intricacies of obsolete languages through the long watches of the night, whilst other boys slept; but he always studied the right things, in the right time, and in the right way. Whether by the instinct of his own genius, or whether by the wise direction of his superiors, or whether by the mysterious guidance of an unseen providence, which men call accident, or whether by all these combined, he read the best books, and precisely at the time to secure their determining influence upon himself. The light works written for amusement, and which at most but embellish the taste and enrich the fancy, had no charms even to his boyish mind. Like the Hercules of ancient story, he rose from his cradle to giant labors; and so became the Hercules of whom to tell all the truth would seem to many to convert him into a myth. An incident may be recorded here, not only because it falls within the chronology of this period, but as a striking illustration of the foregoing observations. Being detected once by his friend, Mr. Robbins, with Mr. Locke's Essay in his hands, he was playfully bantered upon the hardihood of undertaking a work so far beyond his years and the developement of his intellect. Piqued, as he himself testifies, by this implied disparagement of his powers, he resolved at once to master the book; and master it he did, completely and for all coming time. Shortly after, chancing to light upon Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, he devoured this also

with avidity. Dr. Doddridge tells us a dream which he once had in sleep: that having passed through death into the world of spirits, he first found himself in a spacious chamber whose walls were covered with strange hieroglyphs. Upon close inspection, these resolved themselves into a perfect map of his own life, with all its intersections and connexions, and every influence which had contributed to shape his destiny. It scarcely needs a revelation from another world to determine the effect of this incident in giving its final direction to a mind which was, perhaps, the only mind on this continent which could be classed without peril with that of Sir William Hamilton. It gave him a bias to philosophy from which he never swerved, and was the pivot upon which the whole intellectual history of the man afterwards turned.

In December, 1829, he matriculated in the South Carolina College, and from the hour of his entrance within its classic walls, the superiority of his genius was universally acknowledged. Coupling the fervor of an American student with the assiduity of the German, he devoted fourteen hours a day to severe study. It does not, therefore, surprise us that he bore off, in 1831, the highest honors from rivals, some of whom have since achieved eminence in civil and political life. Either he intuitively penetrated the character of the age in which he lived, and pierced the fallacy which supposes that genius can win permanent success without learning, as the material upon which, and the instrument by which, it must work; or else he was led blindly on by an avaricious love of knowledge, rendering the toil with which it is gathered itself a delight; but certain it is, he turned away with the severity of an anchorite from the blandishments of society; and like an athlete of old, with continuous and cruel rigor trained every muscle and every limb for the Olympic race and the Olympic prize before him in life. During his college career, he omitted no opportunity

of discipline, neglected no part of the prescribed curriculum, wasted no hour in dissipation or indolence; but with elaborate care prepared himself for every public exercise. In the literary society of which he was a member, the same assiduity availed itself of every privilege. Despising the baldness of mere extemporaneous harangues, he armed himself for the conflict of debate; and few were they who could withstand his vigor of argument, or parry his trenchant criticism, when he chose to indulge his power of sarcasm and invective. This example, with its attendant and grand results, stands up in scorching rebuke of the egotism and folly which would exalt the triumphs of genius by disparaging the discipline through which its energies are directed. As iron sharpeneth iron, so the mind confesses its obligation to any influence by which it has insensibly been toned. Dr. Thornwell, in later years, gratefully acknowledged the benefit he derived in college from contact with the classical taste and attainments of Dr. Henry, the Professor of Philosophy at the time; the enjoyment of whose friendship he recognized as one of the felicities of his college course, and by whom he was both stimulated and directed in the acquisition of classic and philosophical lore.

This devotion to study does not, however, appear at this period to have been sanctified by the love or the fear of God. His religious character was totally unformed. It was a noble idolatry, indeed; but still, as an idolater, he worshipped only at the shrine of learning, and offered the sacrifice of his devotion to ambition as his only God. As regards religion, in the language of another, "He had no catechism but the creation, employed no study but reflection, and read no book but the volume of the world." Yet the analogy of Providence forbids the supposition that so select an instrument of the divine glory should not, during this critical and forming period, have been unconsciously trained for his future work in the Church of God. It would be strange if some religious element were not secretly in-

troduced into the solution from which such a crystal must shortly be formed: reflecting, as it afterwards did, from every angle the glory of the Redeemer—the prism through which so many rays of divine truth were transmitted, and lent their hue to other minds. The lapse of thirty years will often sink into the repose of death the passions which once agitated society to its depths. The opinions and actions of one generation are calmly reviewed by the next, and history pronounces her impartial and irreversible verdict. It is simply a matter of history that, at the period of which we are now treating, the college was the seat of infidelity. Its President, Dr. Cooper, in the language of the college historian,* "had drunk deep at the fountain of infidelity; he had sympathized with the sneering savans of Paris, and sat at the feet of the most sceptical philosophers of England;" "the strongest feeling of his nature was the feeling of opposition to the Christian religion, which he believed to be a fraud and imposture." It was not wonderful that the Christian people of the State rose up to defend "the altars which he proposed to subvert," and to protect their sons "against the influence of a false and soul-destroying philosophy, a species of Pyrrhonism, a refined and subtle dialectics which removed all the foundations of belief, and spread over the mind the dark and chilling cloud of doubt and uncertainty." The issue was slowly but stubbornly joined between the religious faith of the masses, on the one hand, and a cold, bloodless deism on the other, which had throned itself upon the high places of intelligence and power, and was poisoning the very fountains of knowledge in the State. It was scarcely credible that such a conflict should fail to arrest the attention of our pale and patient student; whose dialectic ability would cause him, with almost the love of romantic adventure, to seek truth in the wild clash of opposing opinions. We find him, accordingly,

* Dr. Laborde's History of the South Carolina College, pp. 175–7.

bending the vigor of his intellect to an examination of the claims of deism; and rising, after a careful perusal of its ablest apologists, with an intelligent conviction of the necessity of a divine revelation. He next turned to the investigation of Socinianism, towards which he confessed an early bias, and of whose truth he ardently desired to be convinced. With the knowledge we have of his whole character, as developed in later years, it would greatly interest us to trace the mental conflict through which he must now have passed; and did we not know the result, we might tremble for the decision which is to be rendered. On the one hand, it was a system peculiarly attractive to a mind so speculative as his. Its destructive criticism strips Christianity of all that is supernatural, and drags its sublimest mysteries before the bar of human reason. It degrades "the signs and wonders" of the Bible into the legends of a fabulous age; or converts them into myth and allegory, the mere symbols of philosophy, masking its teaching under the guise of fancy; or construes them into the jugglery of nature, beneath which we are to detect the working only of her secret and invariable laws. Shall our student be dazzled with the boldness of a system which

> "Soars untrodden heights, and seems at home
> Where angels bashful look;"

which professes to subdue things divine under the dominion of reason; and, offering to compass all truth, puffs up the soul with vanity; which intoxicates the mind by its promise of unbridled liberty of thought? Or, on the other hand, shall his earnest spirit, longing for the positive and the real, turn away from its endless negations: from a system which only offers a destructive criticism in lieu of a constructive faith; and which substitutes the abstractions of reason in the place of a substantive testimony? Before the fervor of his gaze will not these airy speculations, woven of the mist and the sunlight, melt away like the de-

ceitful mirage upon the distant horizon? Still more, shall not his warm and loving heart find itself chilled in the frozen atmosphere of a system which offers nothing to the embrace of the affections? Can such a nature as his be content to dwell in the beautiful snow houses of this polar latitude, shining, indeed, with crystalline splendor, but beneath a sun which neither cheers nor warms? The decision trembles not long upon the balance: he turns away from Socinianism with the indignant sarcasm of Mr. Randolph: "What a Christless Christianity is this!" He would not have "the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out." Thus far, a purely intellectual examination had conducted him to an intellectual recognition of the Scriptures as the revelation of God, and of Christianity as the scheme it unfolds. Upon the interpretation of this book he had framed no hypothesis, and had formed no system of doctrinal belief. He was not, however, to rest here. Stumbling, during an evening stroll, into the bookstore of the town, his eye rested upon a small volume, entitled "Confession of Faith." He had never before heard of its existence: he only saw that it contained an articulate statement and exposition of Christian doctrine. He purchased and read it through; and for the first time felt that he had met with a system which held together with the strictest logical connexion. He could not pronounce it true without a careful comparison of the text with the scriptural proofs at the foot of each page. But he was powerfully arrested by the consistency and rigor of its logic: granting its fundamental postulates, all the conclusions must follow by necessary sequence. This book determined him as a Calvinist and a Presbyterian; although he had never been thrown into any connexion with this branch of the Church of Christ, and had never been, except in one instance, within any of their sanctuaries of worship. The circumstance, however, of most interest in the whole series, is the fact that the chapter which most impressed him in this "Confession"

was the chapter on Justification—that doctrine which is the key to the whole Gospel; as Luther styles it, "*articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ.*" How parallel with the history of Luther himself, and of the great Reformers of the sixteenth century! who by this clue extricated themselves from the labyrinth of popery, and who built Protestant Christianity upon it, as the keystone of the arch by which the whole superstructure was supported. Those who recall the fierce conflict which raged in the Presbyterian church at the very time our friend was introduced into its ministry, and who remember the distinguished part he was called to bear in defence of the very doctrines of the Reformation, which are only the doctrines of grace, can not fail to recognize here the wonderful method by which he was unconsciously trained for a similar work of reform. None can fail to see that those who are raised up to be the champions of truth in an age of defection and strife, and those who are destined to shape the theology of their age, must drink the truth from no secondary streams, but fresh from the oracles of God, and from those symbolical books in which the faith of the universal Church is sacredly enshrined. But if these researches led him within the temple of Christian truth, it was only to wonder, and not to worship. He stood beneath its majestic dome, and mused along its cathedral aisles, as before he had wandered through the groves of the academy, or paused beneath the porch of the stoic. The Gospel was nothing more than a sublime philosophy: and if it secured the homage of his intellect, it failed as yet to control the affections of his heart. If he seemed to sit with reverence at the feet of the great Teacher, it was only as a teacher,—something greater than Socrates, and more divine than Plato. The seed must lie dead for a time. How soon it was to germinate, and what fruit to bear, we shall shortly trace.

Upon his graduation, in December, 1831, he left the halls of his *Alma mater*, followed by universal predictions of his

future greatness. In whatever quarter of the heavens he should chance to rise, and in whatever constellation to shine, all expected in him a star of the first magnitude. But a few years elapsed when, by the path of these same predictions, he returned to the college, to be as distinguished among its teachers as he had before been among its pupils. In the opening of his twentieth year, he entered, as student of law, the office of his patron, Mr. Robbins; but did not long remain. His spirit of manly independence could not brook longer to be a pensioner upon the bounty of those who had befriended him thus far; he must, also, stretch the hand of help to those of his own blood who desired likewise to climb the steep ascent of knowledge. He accordingly devoted the two years of 1832 and 1833 to teaching, first in Sumterville, and then at Cheraw, the scene of his early academic toils. During the first of these years, the seed of religious truth, which had been secretly swelling in the soil, burst through the parted crust, in the tender blade. In the spring of 1832, he united, by open profession of his faith, with the Concord Presbyterian church, near Sumterville. Thus did the sovereign spirit of God, who chooses His own avenue of approach, come to him through the convictions of the intellect and by the logic of the understanding. But He who had previously so illuminated the mind, now quickened the affections and subdued the will; and with "every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ," our friend bowed, with all his powers united, before the cross. Thwarting the instincts of his own ambition and the fond hopes of political preferment cherished by his admirers, he forthwith resolved upon devoting himself to the "ministry of reconciliation." This resolution was formed and kept under the pressure of a tremendous conviction. Three years later, at the period of his licensure, whether through a conscientious apprehension of the sacredness of the office, or whether through an earthly ambition not wholly subdued, he cherished the

secret hope of being rejected by the Presbytery, upon whom would devolve the responsibility of releasing him from the pressure of the Apostle's woe. It is a fearful struggle when, once for all, a noble spirit brings its longing after fame and lays it down a perpetual sacrifice to conscience and to God. For though the pulpit has its honors and rewards, woe! woe! to the man who enters it under this temptation—

> "To gaze at his own splendor, and exalt,
> Absurdly, not his office, but himself."

The shadow of a fearful curse falls upon him who "does this work of the Lord deceitfully," who can not with a purged eye look beyond the meed of human applause to the benediction of the great Master as his final crown. During these two years of retired and scholastic improvement, he prosecuted with diligence the study of divinity; and in 1834, went to the University of Cambridge, where, through several months, he perfected his knowledge of Hebrew. In the autumn of the same year, he was licensed as a probationer by the Presbytery of Harmony, and soon after commenced his ministerial labors in the District of Lancaster. In the spring of 1835, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Bethel to the full office of the Christian ministry, and was installed pastor of the associated churches of Waxhaw, Six Mile Creek, and Lancasterville. In the following December he formed a matrimonial alliance with a daughter of Colonel James H. Witherspoon, of Lancaster; the bonds of which were only dissolved, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, by his decease, leaving his widow and children to embitter their grief by the constant memory of his own exceeding goodness. In this pastoral charge he remained three years, from the commencement of 1835 to the close of 1837; and the brilliancy of his pulpit efforts, with the powerful impression produced upon his hearers, remains among the traditions of that region to this day, uneffaced by the labors of succeeding ministers. Indeed, in the

opinion of some, for popular effect those early discourses were never exceeded by the riper productions of his later years. Though his learning became more various, and his discussions more profound, yet the first impressions of his oratory were never transcended. Perhaps, however, this is due to a severer taste and a deeper Christian experience, which learned to disregard those mere graces of rhetoric by which a popular assembly is so often dazzled. We shall have occasion hereafter to describe him more fully as a preacher; and will discover that his eloquence dug for itself a deeper channel than in his earlier years, and poured itself in a much broader flood, rather overwhelming by its majesty than simply charming by its grace.

We now follow him to a different sphere. The chair of Logic and Criticism in the South Carolina College being made vacant by the death of the lamented Nott, the remembrance of his brilliant scholastic career, and the splendid fame he had acquired through the northern portion of the State, brought him before the electors as the man for the place. He was accordingly chosen to the vacant chair in December, 1837, which he soon occupied, the department being shortly after enlarged by the addition of Metaphysics. He entered with characteristic zeal upon the office of instruction, in studies so peculiarly adapted to his acute and analytical mind. Metaphysical science he speedily vindicated from the charge of inutility, showing the application of its principles to the practical business of life, and as implicitly involved in the whole current of human intercourse. His lucid exposition dispelled the haze of uncertainty and doubt hanging around themes so abstract and difficult of research. The warmth of his enthusiasm quickened into life and clothed with flesh the marrowless bones of what was regarded only as a dead philosophy. The reanimated form, instinct with the beauty which his glowing fancy diffused, invested with the drapery which his varied learning supplied, and speaking in the magnificent diction

which his matchless eloquence inspired, no longer repelled the embrace of ardent scholars, as when she lay a ghastly skeleton, covered with the dust of centuries of barren speculation. During his long connexion with the college she sat enthroned among the sciences, and far be the day when she shall be deposed from this queenly ascendency! But congenial as were these pursuits to the young professor, his conscience began to be disturbed with scruples which robbed his repose. We have already seen with what unusual solemnity and depth of conviction he assumed the office of the holy ministry. His ordination vow presses hard upon him. He had covenanted to make the proclamation of God's grace to sinners the business of his life. Did this comport with a life spent in teaching others only the endless see-saw of the syllogism, or even the sublimer mysteries of the human mind? The opportunities afforded for the occasional ministration of the Word, how frequent so ever, did not seem to fill up the measure of obligation he had contracted by "the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." He must preach, with constancy and system, as a man plying his vocation: "the word of the Lord was in his heart, as a burning fire shut up in his bones, and he was weary with forbearing." Under this pressure of conscience, he proffered his resignation to the Board of Trustees in May, 1839, with a view to accept the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Columbia, South Carolina. The transfer was effected at the close of the year, and on January 1, 1840, he was installed by the Presbytery of Charleston in this new relation. His services, however, to the college were too invaluable to induce general acquiescence in the change. An opportunity was soon presented for his recall. The election of the Rev. Dr. Elliott as Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia, left the college pulpit without an occupant. The chaplaincy was at once tendered him, in connexion with the Professorship of Sacred Literature and the Evidences of Christianity. The conscientious scru-

ples which had withdrawn him from the chair of Philosophy did not embarrass his acceptance of a new position, where he would be intrusted with the care of souls, and those of a most important class in society. At the opening of the year 1841, he entered upon his duties in the college amidst the lamentation and tears of his deserted charge, who during one year had drunk the Gospel at his lips as never before. In this renewed connexion he remained through ten years, with almost unbroken repose; except that in the first of these years he was seriously threatened with a pulmonary affection, which interrupted his labors, and necessitated a visit of several months to Europe. During this time, he not only reëstablished his health, but came into acquaintance with many of the leading minds in England and Scotland; which, leading to a call for his published writings as fast as they afterward appeared, secured him a reputation in Europe as enviable, though not so wide, as that he enjoyed in America. Upon his return, his studies were resumed with redoubled vigor, rendered all the more valuable to himself from the necessity of daily imparting his knowledge to others: for true it is, in the language of the poet,

> "No man is the lord of any thing,
> Though in and of him there be much consisting,
> Till he communicate his parts to others—
> Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
> Till he behold them formed in the applause
> Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
> The voice again; or, like a gate of steel,
> Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
> His figure and his heat."

The chair which he now held combined in its embrace the mysteries both of philosophy and revelation. Studies so lofty, and yet so comprehensive, pursued through ten years under the stimulus and in the daily reflection of his own teaching, deepened incredibly the bed of his mind, and laid up in its chambers stores of knowledge which made him rich for eternity. The prestige of his genius and his facility

of exposition rendered him the idol of his pupils: the tact he displayed in discipline, and the practical wisdom of all his suggestions on the subject of education, won more and more the admiration and confidence of the State; while the sanctification of all his powers to the glory of the Redeemer and the salvation of souls, knit to him the affections of the Church of God. The results of his long ministry in the college chapel will be known only at the judgment. Many received here their first saving impressions of divine truth, which, in after years, and under other ministrations, ripened in a sound conversion; and not a few seals to his fidelity were more immediately gathered into his crown. In that day of revelation, when all the issues of time shall be gathered into a single view, he will be greeted as a spiritual father by many sons whom he has begotten in the Gospel. Nor, in framing an estimate of the labors of this period, should we overlook the influence of his scientific and elaborate defences of the Christian faith, uttered in the class-room; by which many were saved from the delusions of infidelity, and rooted in at least a speculative belief in the word of God. Let us pause here and adore the mystery of that providence which worketh not after the pattern of human expectation. Who, that ten years before mourned over the college as the seat of infidelity, and sending out its reproach against God through all the land, dreamed that then she was nourishing in her bosom a champion for the truth, who should take up the gage and bear off the prize upon his triumphant lance! Who, that ten years before saw a half-grown youth sitting at the feet of the great apostle of deism, and drinking in his counsels as the inspirations of an oracle, foresaw the advocate for Christianity standing for its defence upon the very platform of its evidences, and undoing the work of his own oracle and guide! Who could then have foretold that an infidel philosophy was whetting the dialectics which should unravel its own sophisms, and feathering the arrow

by which its own life should be pierced: that deism itself should train the giant strength by which its own castle should be demolished, and the spell of its own foul enchantment be dissolved! Ah, it is the young Saxon monk, climbing Pilate's stair-case upon his knees, who now shakes the gates of papal Rome! It is the young man bearing the garments of the first martyr and consenting to his death, who now fills the world with the faith he destroyed!

In May, 1851, he was released from the college, and removed to the city of Charleston, on the acceptance of a call from the Glebe Street church. But before these arrangements were consummated, he was unexpectedly remanded to his old relations. The resignation of the presidency of the college by the Hon. William C. Preston turned the eyes of the whole State to the only man who was deemed worthy to be his successor; and now, the third time, the State became a suitor for his services; and a third time, by the unanimous voice of her whole constituency, he was borne into the academic halls with which his whole life had been so strangely identified. It was no small tribute paid to his merit, that he should be summoned to fill a station which, from the foundation of the college, had been graced by the most illustrious names. The unanimity of the summons was but a mark of appreciation which his great genius might justly claim as its due. For the office itself he had a surpassing fitness. His long experience in the government of young men; the exquisite tact he had so frequently displayed in times of emergency; the freshness of his sympathies, which bound him to them by cords whose tenderness was only equal to their strength; the complete ascendency he had acquired over them, not less by the force of his character than by the brilliancy of his intellect; the confidence in his integrity inspired by the transparent honesty of his heart; the affectionate reverence in which he was held by his colleagues in the faculty; and the cordial support he might expect to receive from a confiding public,

who trusted him with an unbounded faith: all gave the presage of a most successful administration. In January, 1852, he put on the mantle once worn by a Maxcy, a Barnwell, and a Preston; by a redistribution of the chairs, resuming his position as Chaplain and as Professor of the Evidences and of Moral Philosophy. We do not care to interrupt the continuity of his personal history with dissertations upon the several aspects of his character which these several relations reveal to us. Reserving these to another place, let us trace the thread of his life until it is broken at the grave. From the hints already given, the presidency of Dr. Thornwell would not probably be marked by much that is external. The college would be expected rather to move forward upon its wheels through its daily routine, without those jars and discords which, like revolutions in the State, denote something out of joint, through the unskilfulness of rulers. The same clear expositions of divine truth, and the same passionate appeals to the conscience, were heard, as before, every Sabbath, in the chapel; the same powerful vindication of the Christian faith, and the same luminous tracing of analogies between the natural and the moral government of God, were heard in the class-room, as before. But what large plans that fertile brain was maturing, to draw up the whole education of the land to a higher summit level; what modifications of the curriculum of study to secure greater mental discipline, and yet to enlarge the culture and extend the area of knowledge—all this, which might have wrought itself out in the history of the institution which he loved, was arrested by a movement which plucked him from his seat, and terminated for ever his connexion with the college.

In the zenith of his fame, in the height of his influence, with statesmen and judges clustering around him, with a large retinue of admiring pupils, himself the pivot upon which turned the educational interests of his native State—covered with academic titles, and clothed with the highest

academic office in his country's gift—is there yet a nobler reward, a richer meed of praise, to be lavished upon this favored son of learning? There remains but one, and that must come from the Church of God. As intimated by her Founder and Head, "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation;" and her rewards may seem paltry to the eye of sense, when hung in contrast with the splendid prizes of earthly distinction. Yet the call upon this man by the Redeemer's Church, to turn from these academic titles and train her sons for the ministry of reconciliation, was the crowning glory of a life bright with applause from its beginning. Through eighteen years the Church, holding in her hands his pledge of allegiance, had lent him to the State; through eighteen years he had devoted himself to its most vital interest, with an assiduity of which only an earnest soul was capable. Now, in the noon of his life, in the ripeness of his intellect, and in the richness of his learning, the Church saw fit to reclaim him to herself; she would pass those rare gifts under the baptism of a renewed consecration to her service. It was thought by some a waste to fritter the energies of such a mind in the mere police requisite for the government of undergraduates, or in the details of an executive office, however honorable. It was feared by others that his frail constitution would succumb beneath the anxiety and care continually exacting upon a frame already taxed to its utmost endurance by the habits of a student. It was felt by all that if the Church of this generation must swell the wisdom of the past by a contribution of its own, this was the representative of her choice, whose immortal writings should teach to children's children the piety and faith of their fathers. Dr. Thornwell had evinced singular aptitude in repelling the false philosophy of the day in its covert assaults upon the word of God. Holding in his grasp the entire history of philosophy, from the times of Plato and Aristotle to those of Fichte and of Kant; possessing a logic that could detect and tear off the dis-

guises of error; and withal, imbued with profoundest reverence for the dogmatic authority of Scripture: such a man could, of all others, unmask the hypocritical rationalism which seeks by craft to undermine our faith in an objective revelation, and borrows the very dialect of the Gospel to travestie its holiest and most vital truths. Such a man, it was hoped, might not only tone the rising ministry of the Church, and fashion them in part upon his own majestic mould; but would reproduce the fixed theology of the past in its new relations to the present. For, as the mountain which leans its ragged head against the sky, itself the same for ever, is differently seen through the shifting atmosphere which surrounds it; so the theology of the Bible, eternal as the being and government of God, is affected by the shifting hues of the philosophic medium through which it is seen and interpreted. It was the highest mark of the Church's favor to Dr. Thornwell, that he was chosen for the momentous task: and that he might have leisure for its accomplishment, the Church withdrew him from the garish splendor of the world within her own tranquil shades, and hoped and prayed to her great Head to spare him till the work was done. Three things the Church expected at his hands, and then she would freely yield him to the enjoyment of his reward on high: a system of theology from his own point of view, exhibiting the nexus between all its parts, and blending these in a perfect unity; a rediscussion of the Christian Evidences, with reference to the subtle, rationalistic philosophy by which they have been impugned; and a book on morals, in which the foundation of the true philosophy of human obligation should be laid bare. The materials for all three were abundantly treasured in the store-house of his thought: nothing remained but to draw them forth and commit them to the record! Alas! death came too soon for the Church to realize the rich legacy her heart was coveting. Only a part of the first in this triplet was permitted to be

done: all else has gone down into the silence of his tomb, from which comes no response to our wail of sorrow.

In December, 1855, he pronounced his fourth and last baccalaureate; and, obedient to the call of the two synods of South Carolina and Georgia, turned his back upon the halls in which he had so long taught the sons of the State, and entered the school of the prophets, hard by, to train the sons of the Church for their mission of love to a dying world. Dr. Thornwell, with all his various learning, eminently illustrated the adage, "Beware of the man of one book." In his own search after truth, whilst he read in a good degree discursively, he *studied* a few great masters. Plato and Aristotle among the ancients—Milton, Locke, and Bacon among the moderns, he read and re-read; until he not only digested their contents, but was saturated with their spirit, and stood prepared to grapple independently with the highest problems of human existence. The same policy marked his course as a teacher. The text-book by which he disciplined his college pupils into habits of severe thinking, was the celebrated Analogy of Bishop Butler, which, undisfigured by the pedantry of foot-notes, shows in the text itself a perfect mastery of the entire literature of the subject. But whatever text-book was chosen by Dr. Thornwell, it served only as a thread upon which to string the pearls of knowledge he had himself collected. A college student once remarked to the speaker: "Dr. Thornwell is the only teacher for whose recitation I can never say I am fully prepared; I study Butler until I can repeat every word, and fancy that I can answer every possible question, and in three minutes I stand before him a perfect fool, and feel that I know nothing at all. He has, sir, the happiest knack of drawing out of Butler what was never there, except as he put it in." The teacher knew—the pupil did not—how deep those simple and suggestive sentences of the author actually drew: only an equal mind could take the soundings of such a work. The selection of a text-

book in theology was typical of the man; it was the Institutes of John Calvin. Wonderful association of names! drawn together by an electric affinity so close that, with the men transposed, the Calvin three centuries back might have been the Thornwell of to-day, and our Thornwell might equally have been the Calvin of the Reformation. The same profoundness of learning, evincing itself rather in the results it achieves than in the idle display of the apparatus with which it works; the same logical acumen, which resolved the most intricate problems and laid bare the secret principles wrapped within their folds: the same massive intellect, which imbedded these in pregnant utterances capable of endless exposition; the same candor in the investigation of truth, and the same passionate love which made them worshippers at her shrine; the same Herculean industry, which sported with labor and found refreshment in toils by which others were exhausted; the same practical judgment, whose counsels were almost akin to prophecy, and seldom led astray those who asked advice; the same versatility of genius, which made the ecclesiastic an able counsellor of State; the same simplicity of character, which preserved the freshness of childhood in the maturity of age; the same fearlessness of soul, which shrank neither from reproach nor peril in the pursuit of right; the same guileless sincerity, which never understood *finesse* nor worked by indirection: all these and other traits run the parallel so close between the two that, standing three centuries apart, they seem to be born twins. The resemblance is preserved even in things we would call accidental. The same early maturity of mind, which enabled the one, at the age of twenty-five, to dedicate his Institutes to the French king, and which placed the other, at the same age, in the chair of Philosophy; the possession by both of a frail body, which scarcely contained the indwelling spirit, beating against its sides with every movement of its own activity, and threatening each day to batter down the walls

of its feeble prison; and finally, the coincidence in their death at nearly the same age, the one in his fifty-fifth, and the other in his fiftieth year, both closing a long life while it was yet high noon with both; these are points of resemblance which, though accidental, we can not but pause to admire. Nor is it strange that the theologian of the nineteenth century should go back to the theologian of the sixteenth, to find a master for his pupils. He who had dug the truth for himself from the quarry of the Scriptures, and from the symbols of the Church, would naturally carry his pupils up the stream of theological tradition to the very spot where it broke out afresh from the earth. Like the fabled river of Africa, systematic theology had for ages buried its channel beneath the superstitions and errors of popery; and, as from the foot of a great mountain, it emerged anew at the period of the Reformation. Precisely here the waters would be found the purest, except as he might carry his pupils higher still, to the original fountain, and cause them to drink from the oracles of God. But when it became necessary to employ human aid in constructing an articulate system of doctrine, he found no master equal to the great theologian of the Reformation. John Calvin stands in the same relation to Protestant theology as Francis Bacon to modern philosophy; each being a constructor in his own sphere, and each putting the stamp of his own thought upon the science of after times. Nay, if it be not irreverent thus to couple inspired with uninspired names, John Calvin stands in the college of the Reformers somewhat as Paul in the college of the Apostles, the penman and logician of his day. After the lapse of three centuries, he finds an expositor worthy of himself—the Plato after Socrates. Happy master, to find such a commentator! Happy expositor, to find such a master! Happy pupils, to sit under the combined light of two such kindred intellects!

Dr. Thornwell's method of instruction was the Socratic. He examined his class upon the text of the author, so

shaping his interrogatories as to evolve the truth from the mind of the student itself. Recitation by rote was an impossibility: the repetition of the text did not answer the requisitions of the class-room. Interrogation was poured upon the pupil's head like a shower of hail, until he was driven back through all the steps of the most rigorous analysis; then he must frame precise statements of the doctrine, while a critical logic stood by to cut and pare until it was revealed before the eye with the utmost sharpness of profile. Finally, the student was put upon his defence, against every form of assault to which the champion for the truth might be exposed. If the line of defence was unskilful, the pupil found himself in the toils of an adversary who wound tightly about him the meshes in which he was involved. Not till then came the hour of extrication. But at last there would follow lucid exposition, searching analysis, and resistless logic, disentangling the web and probing every difficulty to its core. The class-room was thus not like the studio of the statuary, who chips away upon the senseless block until he "moulds every joint and member into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection;" but it was the gymnasium, where the living mind was taught to unfold itself according to its own law of developement, and work itself out into the consciousness of knowledge which is yet a part of its own texture. He is a benefactor who communicates to me one new and grand thought; but he is twice a benefactor who helps me to think that thought myself. Under this double weight of gratitude Dr. Thornwell brought his pupils; no wonder that they loved him as a child its father! Bereaved school of the prophets, well may thy walls be draped in mourning! During the life of this generation, thy sons will mourn the loss of instruction which can not be reproduced; but which a faithful tradition will hand down, so long as one shall live that ever saw the kindling of his expressive eye.

Besides his labors as a theological professor, he discharged once more the duties of a pastor in the Columbia church; over which he was a second time installed, in conjunction with a younger brother, one of his own pupils, upon whom the sole pastorship was finally devolved. During the past two years, his constitution, naturally frail, manifested symptoms of sure but gradual decay. Severe application to study such as his, protracted through so many years, must tell upon the physical frame, so soon as its recuperative energies begin to be impaired. His nervous system commenced now giving way, and he experienced that prostration of strength more distressing than even acute suffering. Coupled with this, the fears of pulmonary disease, which had been excited in his earlier life, were now renewed. In consequence of this two-fold affection, he made, in 1860, a second trip across the Atlantic, and returned improved, but not, as before, renovated. Unquestionably, too, the intense excitement of the present war wore upon his shattered and nervous body, beyond its power either to sustain or resist. The love of country burned always in his breast at a white heat. In former years none gloried more than he in the spreading power of the old Republic, and his sanguine hope painted her future splendor in colors absolutely gorgeous. The speaker well remembers, three years ago, the spontaneous burst of applause in the General Assembly, so unusual in an ecclesiastical council, produced by one of his sudden outbreaks of patriotic fervor. He was describing his emotions while surveying in the Tower of London the various trophies of British prowess; and how he drew himself up to his highest stature, and proudly said to his attendants, "Your country has waged two long wars against mine, but I see here no trophies of successful valor wrested from American hands." But those were days when America had not learned to bow the supple knee before a vulgar despotism of her own creation; the slime of the serpent's trail had not then been seen winding

around the steep ascent to the presidential chair. From the moment a sectional party obtained the supreme control, his clear judgment saw at a glance the momentous issue that must be joined. His heart turned at once to his beloved South, as all the country that was left to him, in whose entire independence rested the last hope of republican freedom. His patriotism burst forth into a consuming passion, and his cultivated moral sense looked upon his country's wrongs with a resentment which was holy. From the pulpit and the platform he poured forth his fiery eloquence, in words scarcely less massive than those hurled by Demosthenes against the Macedonian Philip. In elaborate essays, he unfolded, with a statesman's power, the mighty principles of religious and political liberty which were implicated in the struggle; and through the newspaper press his prophetic words were borne upon the wind, like the leaves of the Sybil, through the whole Confederacy. These writings will be gathered into the portfolio of the statesman, as among the ablest documents of the time. They reveal the order of statesmanship he would have attained, if he had chosen to walk in the paths of political preferment; and those who may have regretted his turning aside from these, may take comfort in the thought that even thus, when life was flickering in its socket, he fulfilled a statesman's task, and left behind him a statesman's fame; for at this moment South Carolina weeps at his grave such tears as she learned to shed around the bier of her immortal Calhoun.

As usual, Dr. Thornwell spent his last vacation in the vain effort to recruit his health, visiting for this purpose Wilson's springs, in North Carolina. But experiencing no benefit from their waters, he came down to Charlotte, to meet his wife and son; the latter of whom, after recovering from severe wounds received in battle, was on his way to the theatre of war in Virginia. Here his disease, a chronic dysentery, returned upon him with redoubled violence; and

after a short conflict with the powers of nature, overthrew its victim, and bore him to the tomb. Through this last sickness he was not permitted to speak much. Apart from his characteristic reserve, which shrunk from every thing approaching a scene, the nature of his malady was such as to becloud his mind. He lay, for the most part, in stupor; easily aroused, indeed, to the recognition of those about his bed, but speedily sinking back into lethargy. His troubled and incoherent utterances revealed the habit of his life: lifting his finger, as if addressing an imaginary class, he would say, "Well, you have stated your position, now prove it;" and then, as if musing upon the qualities of the human mind, he would articulate: "The attributes—first, the moral, then the intellectual, and thirdly, the religious or spiritual;" reminding us of the good Neander, who, in like manner, would lift himself from his dying couch and say, "To-morrow, young gentlemen, we will resume our exercitations upon the sixth chapter of John." It is our loss that we can not treasure the last sayings of such a master, for

> "The tongues of dying men
> Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
> The setting sun, and music at the close,
> As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
> Writ in remembrance more than things long past."

Yet they are not needed; our brother's whole life was a continued song: and memory, with her faithful chord, like an Æolian harp, will prolong its music till we, too, sleep. On the first day of August, 1862, he entered gently into the rest of God. Six years ago, the last time but one it was the speaker's privilege to hear him from the pulpit, in one of those outbursts of strong emotion which we all remember, he exclaimed: "I am often very weary—weary with work, as the feeble body reels beneath its accumulated toils; weary in struggling with my own distrustful and unbelieving heart; weary with the wickedness of men, and with

the effort to put a bridle upon human passions, and I often sigh to be at rest"! Brother! thou hast entered into rest, and we are the more weary for loss of thee!

The thread is broken which has conducted us from the cradle to the grave: in what manner it has been gathered up by unseen hands, and woven into a broader and brighter web beyond the skies, it is not for us yet to know. The foregoing sketch presents only the connexions of his earthly history, and the facts which afford a key to the consummate excellence he achieved. A complete memoir would swell this discourse into the proportions of a book, and it is reserved, we trust, for some future day and for some abler hand. It only now remains to consider the relations in which he stood to society, and to analyze the powers which in their combination produced the genius we have so long admired.

Every attribute of his mind, natural and acquired, fitted him to be the EDUCATOR OF YOUTH, in which relation he stood so long prominently before the public eye. The range of his learning was immense. Though he studied severely certain great masters, his reading was discursive and large: and such was his power of concentration, that he seemed to take up knowledge by absorption. It was playfully said of the learned Murdock, the American Commentator of Mosheim, that he never could have amassed such intellectual stores unless his two great eyes read both pages of a book at once. The secret lay in that rare discipline by which the attention was riveted, and knowledge was immediately assimilated. Dr. Thornwell possessed this faculty in the highest degree. His mind was under such control that, when closeted with an author, the door was locked against all intrusive thoughts, and he digested as soon as he devoured. His retentive memory, also, never relaxed its hold of what was once read. We have heard him recite consecutive pages of Milton's Paradise Lost, as

though the whole poem was daguerreotyped upon the tablet of his memory; and, more wonderful still, entire odes of Horace, when it was certain the original had not been opened for years. Without the aid of an index, or any artificial digest, he could refer to volume and page of any author he had once perused. His memory could not only reproduce the logical contents of a book, but the precise language of many extended passages which most impressed him. Besides the studies which he had made his specialty, he excelled in other branches of universal knowledge. He was a ripe classical scholar: Latin he could write correctly and with ease, and in Greek he was singularly proficient. The works of Aristotle lay always upon his table, and he revelled in the philosophy and poetry of Plato. The group of scholars who would sometimes with him pour over the pages of the Phædo, knew not which most to admire, the exquisite finish of his translation, or his philosophic commentary on the text. The study of Hebrew he had never carried to any remarkable extent, but his knowlege was sufficient for the purposes of a careful exegesis. French and German he had mastered so far as to put him in living communion with the literature of both languages, and only required larger practice to render them the medium of conversational intercourse. To the study of mathematics he had no original bias, and probably never pushed his knowledge beyond the point to which a liberal college curriculum conducted him. He certainly sympathized in the views of Sir William Hamilton upon their precise value as a method of intellectual discipline, and the place they should occupy in a course of general education. In belles-lettres he was far from being deficient. He had read the beautiful classics of his own and other tongues, and was by no means insensible to the charms of poetry and song. But his severer order of mind led him through more thorny paths; and his ardent search after absolute and unadorned truth left him little leisure to cull the beauties which grow

in the flower-beds of the Muses. But when it pleased him, he could select a beautiful bouquet from the garden of English literature, and his own affluent diction was tinged with its inimitable sweetness and grace. Indeed, the exquisiteness of his literary taste was a serious impediment with him to authorship. Fastidious as to style, he conceived disgust for his own writings as soon as he departed from that region of argumentative and didactic philosophy where he was so completely at home; and upon this ground resisted the importunities of friends who were continually urging him to write. He lived to overcome and to regret this fastidiousness, but too late for the world to recover what it has thus lost for ever. In history, both ancient and modern, of the Church and of the State, he was extensively and accurately read; and could enforce argument by many an apposite appeal to the recorded experience of mankind; and no one generalized more safely the practical conclusions which should be drawn from its universal teachings. In natural science he had never carried his researches through the many departments in which it is now subdivided. His information was not, therefore, minute: but his general knowledge was accurate and full, and he sometimes adorned his discourse with beautiful illustrations drawn from the analogies of the material world. He has been accused of disparaging the natural sciences as a part of liberal education, in which we suppose there is a slight misapprehension of his true position. He certainly did not estimate them highly as instruments of mental discipline, and thus assigned them a small place in that scheme of education which is intended to discipline and train the mind. But he would give them ample verge in that broader scheme, which takes the disciplined mind and adorns it with various knowledge: he simply shifted their position from the gymnasium to the university, and would rejoice in their cultivation as the furniture, rather than as the diet, of the mind.

The accuracy of his knowledge was even more wonderful than its extent. We say deliberately, and exactly what the words imply, that we have never known a man who made his knowledge so peculiarly his own. It was not learning codified in common-place books, nor locked up in pigeon-holes nicely labelled and tied up up with red tape, to be drawn forth from dust and brown paper when wanted, but it was part and parcel of his own mental substance. Whenever reproduced, it came fresh from his own mint, stamped with the coinage of his own thought. It did not simply strain through his memory, like water through a sieve, but it entered into the bone, and flesh, and blood of his own thinking. Hence, he was never overborne by it, as too many are, nor did it impair the individuality and freshness of his mind. When he wrote and spoke, the stream flowed forth with an even fulness, under the pressure of its own abundance. All this entered into his merit as an instructor. The variety and depth of his learning invested him with the highest authority; while his perfect command over it, enabled him to present truth under any form level to the student's apprehension. He had the most remarkable facility of explanation; his thoughts ran in no stereotyped phrases, but could be cast into a hundred moulds, suited to a hundred different minds. The strongest sympathy, too, was established between the teacher and his pupils. He never wrapped himself up in an artificial dignity, but won all who approached him by the genial kindness of his temper, and by the childlike simplicity of his address. Even under the severe inquisitions of the class-room, the pupil felt that his teacher was his friend, and would be his helper in the painful search for knowledge; while in private, the great man let himself down into the playfulness of a child, and chased timidity away by the unceasing flow of humor and sportive wit. Thoroughly digesting his own knowledge, he became, as we have seen, a perfect master of the Socratic method of

instruction, so difficult except in the hands of a master. Teaching his pupils to search for ultimate principles, he taught them the happy art of generalization, which is, after all, the true secret of large mental acquisitions; for these ascertained principles not only afford the nucleus around which the most diffuse reading may collect itself, but give the key by which the secret stores may be unlocked and brought into use. He could not, therefore, but excel as an instructor in those branches which he particularly taught.

For similar reasons, he was equally fitted to represent and conduct the general interests of education through the State at large. Upon this entire subject his views were strongly defined. He properly considered the discipline of the mind to be the first object of education; to elicit its dormant powers, and to train these for vigorous self-action; while the mere acquisition of knowledge he regarded as secondary in time and importance. He therefore disapproved the attempt made in our American colleges, to cover the whole area of science, and to compass within a four years' course, peculiar and professional studies. His favorite idea was to restrict undergraduates to studies by which the mind may be systematically developed, and to engraft upon the college, at the close of a prescribed and compulsory curriculum, the main features of the university system, with its large and varied apparatus for the fuller communication of knowledge. He was a warm advocate for common school education among the masses; yet firmly held to the idea that knowledge, after all, is diffused by its own law of descent from above, below; percolating through society from the surface to the lowest bed beneath. Hence he labored with all his energy to promote the highest education among the few, as the surest way to quicken and enlighten the less favored masses. Thoroughly imbued with the Aristotelian maxim, *Πολις γινομενη μεν του ζην ενεκεν, ουσα δε του ευ ζην*, he reckoned it amongst the highest obligations of the State to provide for the education of her sons. Upon this ground, and to

prevent collision between the two jurisdictions, he resisted through life the doctrine which places secular education among the positive duties of the Church. In her organized capacity, according to his strict construction of her charter, her duty terminates with the religious training of mankind—the sanctuary, her class-room; the pulpit, her chair; and the Gospel of Jesus, her discipline. It is not the historian's province to arbitrate in such a controversy; but only to represent opinions firmly held by the subject of his story. He found able critics upon either hand—those who upheld in this matter the prerogative of the Church; and those who as stoutly denied his postulate touching the duty of the State. It is hard to swim against the current of the age. His grand ideal of an institution which should unite the advantages of the gymnasium with those of the university, was never realized; and he has left the great problem of education yet to be solved—how to adjust the wide diffusion of knowledge with that breadth and depth of learning which it was the object of his life to secure. But, whoever may have differed from him on these points, none ever questioned the sincerity of his convictions, doubted the purity of his motives, or denied the impulse which the cause of education received at his hands—an impulse chiefly due to the personal influence which has given tone to so many yet living, through whom it will be perpetuated to generations yet to come.

We shall be pardoned for combining next the PHILOSOPHER and the THEOLOGIAN; not only because of the natural affinity between the two, but because of their actual conjunction in the history and labors of Dr. Thornwell. In them we have the ripest fruits of his genius, and upon these two pillars the whole of his future fame must rest. We have seen that his mind was early biased towards philosophy—it would probably have been determined in this direction by its inherent proclivity. The culture through which it subsequently passed, places him without

a peer in this department. After the splendid eulogium which he has pronounced upon Sir William Hamilton—"in depth and acuteness of mind a rival of Aristotle, in immensity of learning a match for Leibnitz, in comprehensiveness of thought an equal to Bacon"—it may seem a perilous connexion to mention the name of the impassioned panegyrist himself. But truth demands the utterance of the conviction that, after Hamilton, no mind was more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of philosophy than his. It is unfortunate that, aside from the aroma which breathes through all his writings, the evidence of his splendid acquisitions can be gathered only from monographs; and those upon topics which rather implicate philosophy than lie wholly within its domain. He was unquestionably master of its history, from its dawn amidst the schools of Greece, through the mid-day slumbers in which it dozed with the Schoolmen, to the frenzied and fantastic dreams of our modern transcendentalists. Passing through all the schools into which her followers have been divided, and acquainted with every shade of opinion by which they are distinguished, the fan of his own criticism winnowed the chaff from the wheat; and whatever contribution each school or age may have made to her common stores, he safely gathered into the chambers of his memory.

The traits which specially characterized his own speculations were, modesty and earnestness in the discovery of positive truth. His first effort was to mark the boundaries of reason; within whose limits he thought with all the vigor and self-reliance characteristic of a mind conscious of its own great powers, and beyond which he never permitted himself to pass. He was thus protected from that presumptuous rationalism which so much disfigures the thinking of modern Germany; and uttered his frequent and solemn protests against the profaneness of those "rampant ontologists," who attempt to "unfold the grounds of universal being from the principles of pure reason." His mind was

too positive in its tone to rest on theories, however splendid, unless he could discover a solid basis upon which to build them. It was not content simply with beating the air with its wings, however high it might soar; nor did he ever mistake the fantastic scenery of the clouds for the mountain landscape of which he was in search. Taking his departure from the English and Scotch schools, that all our knowledge begins in experience, he concurred with these in the doctrine of fundamental beliefs as essential to experience, and by which alone it is made available. He struck thus a middle course between the doctrine which makes the mind only a passive recipient of impressions, working up the materials it gathers from without, and the antagonist view which finds in the mind itself the data of all knowledge, "of which universal and all-comprehensive principles the reason is held to be the complement." He was able thus to steer safely between the Scylla and Charibdis of philosophy; between the Atheistic materialism of the French Encyclopedists on the one hand, and the pantheistic audacity of the German rationalists upon the other. His consistent and intelligible doctrine held that, while knowledge begins in experience, yet "experience must include conditions in the subject which make it capable of intelligence." "There must be," he says, "a *constitution* of mind adapted to that specific activity by which it believes and judges." The mind is, therefore, "subjected to laws of belief under which it must necessarily act"—"certain primary truths involved in its very structure." As "undeveloped in experience, these do not exist in the form of propositions or general conceptions, but of irresistible *tendencies* to certain manners of belief, when the proper occasions shall be afforded." But "when developed in experience, and generalized into abstract statements, they are original and elementary cognitions, the foundation and criterion of all knowledge." While, however, "the laws of belief qualify the subject to know, they can not give the things to be known. These are fur-

nished in experience, which thus not only affords the occasions on which our primitive cognitions are developed, but also the objects about which our faculties are conversant." Starting from these principles, it is easy to see that the same reform is carried into mental philosophy, which long since has been achieved in the natural or physical. The knowledge acquired is substantive and real: because it is a knowledge only of attributes and properties, level to our apprehension, capable of being gathered by observation, and of being generalized by induction. The mind, instead of being lost in speculations which transcend its limits, settles with confidence upon those positive truths which it is able continually to verify. But it would be idle to map out, in this connexion, the whole scheme of philosophy wrought out by Dr. Thornwell through the studies of a long life. Thus much has been said to indicate the position which he occupied, searching only for the positive and the real in all his researches. His mind, from its modesty and earnestness united, speculated safely. Feeling the ground beneath his feet at every step, with fixed principles for his guidance, he wrought within this broad field of observation and induction, in the language of one who has described him, with "an acuteness of mind that was marvellous, with a quickness of apprehension and rapidity of thought never surpassed, and with a power of analysis which, as if by the touch of the magician, resolved the most complex objects into its simple elements."

Dr. Thornwell's studies in philosophy were not lost upon him as a theologian: if he sought diligently to ascertain the bounds of reason in the one, he was not likely to transcend them in the other. Penetrated with the conviction that God can be known only so far as He has been pleased to reveal Himself, he bowed with perfect docility before the dogmatic authority of the Scriptures. In this he signalized at once the modesty of the philosopher and the humility of the Christian. He brought all his speculations to this touch-

stone; and wherever he found a "thus saith the Lord," he ceased to reason and began to worship. He first sought, by a most careful exegesis, to ascertain the meaning of God's word; then to collate and classify, until he built up a systematic theology. As the inductive philosopher ranges through nature, collects his facts, and builds up his science; so the theologian ranges up and down the inspired record, collects its doctrines as they are strewn in magnificent profusion through the histories, narratives, poems, epistles, and predictions of the Bible, and in the same spirit of caution constructs his scheme of divinity. The system deduced by our brother from this venerable and authoritative testimony, was precisely that articulately set forth in the Westminster Confession. It was, in his view, the only complete system of truth which a thorough and candid exposition could extract from the Bible. By many, doubtless, he has been regarded as extreme in some of his theological views; a prejudice founded, perhaps, upon the positive tone with which his convictions, like those of all earnest men, were announced, and the fervid zeal with which they were cherished and defended. Never was a prejudice more unfounded. His examination was too cautious, and his knowledge too exact, to allow extravagance in any single direction. His theology was uncommonly symmetrical in its proportions. He knew the limitations upon every single doctrine, and the relations of all in a common system, by which they are checked and qualified. There could be no overlapping; for every part was so sharply cut and defined, and the articulations were so close, that to a mind severely logical the whole must stand or fall together. We think it doubtful if a single instance can be produced, in all his writings or in his extemporaneous addresses, of that extravagance, even in language, which so shocks a pious ear, and by which the forcible-feeble amongst us often attempt to make the truth intense. Always earnest indeed, he was remarkably exact and logical in his statements of doctrine; cautious not to go

beyond the clear testimony of the written word, and careful never to disturb the harmony subsisting between the truths themselves, as constituent members of one entire system; and always relying upon the simple majesty of the truth to carry its own convictions to a loyal understanding. His discussions were exhaustive and profound, bringing all the light of philosophy to elucidate the principles of religion; which, as to their substance, could only be derived by a direct revelation from Jehovah himself.

We next turn to view Dr. Thornwell in THE PULPIT, an ambassador of God to sinful men. And here may be repeated of him what was said with so much emphasis of Ebenezer Erskine, that "he who never heard him, never heard the Gospel in its majesty." From all that has been said of his logical proclivity and scholastic training, it may be rightly inferred that his preaching was addressed predominantly to the understanding: we do not mean, of course, to the exclusion of the heart, as we shall presently see. But, looking upon man as a being of intelligence, and upon the truth as the instrument of sanctification, he caused that truth to knock at the gates of the understanding until she was admitted and entertained. He had a sublime faith in the majesty and power of truth, and in God's ordained method of reaching the affections through the proclamation of His word. Eschewing all efforts to work upon the superficial emotions, or to play upon natural sympathies, he addressed himself in earnest to present the whole truth of God, and to discuss its fundamental principles before men. His analytic power was richly displayed in the pulpit. The clear statement of a case is often one-half of an argument. Stripping his subject at once of all that was adventitious or collateral, he laid bare to the eye some single principle upon which it turned—so single and so bare, that the most untrained hearer was compelled to see precisely what was to be elucidated. Then followed a course of argument, close, logical, profound, and clear, bending forward

to one conclusion; towards which the hearer was carried, with his will or against it, led captive in chains of logic that could no where be broken. When the truth had won its way to the most acknowledged conviction, and the mind was broken down into a state of complete submission, the argument would be gathered up in its weighty and practical conclusions, and hurled upon the conscience; compelling either the confession of guilt upon the one hand, or the most complete stultification of reason on the other. These appeals to the heart were often fearful in their solemnity; and all the more, as being based upon the conviction of the understanding, previously gained. They were not simple exhortation; but a judicial finding in the court of the hearer's own conscience. The preacher stood there as an attorney from heaven, to indict and prosecute the sinner; the pleading has been heard, and the argument for his conviction is concluded; and the sinner hears only the sentence of conscience, from its throne of judgment, echoing through all the chambers of the soul. It was upon this plan most of the discourses of this matchless preacher were formed. It mattered little whether the exposition was of moral law or of Gospel grace; there was the same statement and enforcement of eternal and immutable principles, and the same judicial finding of guilt and shame, whether the form of offence was against the one or the other. We have described Dr. Thornwell as being predominantly argumentative. He was not, however, polemic. Indeed, the current of his argument was too rapid and vehement to pause and deal with impugners and their small objections. It was the rushing down of the Nile, swollen with its mountain tributaries, and bursting through the sedge which impedes its flow. He rightly judged that to build up truth in its positive form was the better way to remove difficulties, which in its light soon come to appear as mere impertinences.

Nor were his public efforts always thus exclusively argumentative. He excelled in the exposition of Scripture; and had he not chosen to be the first of logicians, he might have been the first of commentators. His analytical talent was brought richly into play. It dealt little in dry, verbal criticism; but, after a sufficient elucidation of the text, it seized the great principles which were involved, and marshalled them in their proper order—a species of commentary of which, with all his dogmatism, we have an excellent example in Haldane; and a form of exposition particularly useful to the general reader, as presenting the Scriptures in their logical connexion before the mind. His relations, moreover, for so long a time as preacher to young men, led him into much practical discourse upon the common duties of life; characterized still by the same clear exhibition of final principles which, either as determining the nature of morality or as affording specific rules for the conduct, revealed the strong thinker and the practical moralist.

But the feature most remarkable in this prince of pulpit orators was, the rare union of rigorous logic with strong emotion. He reasoned always, but never coldly. Most logicians present truth only in what Bacon calls "the dry light of the understanding;" clear indeed, but without the heat which warms and fructifies. The sun shines upon the polar iceberg, and its sheen glances from the polished surface as though it were the splendor of heaven; yet the brightness sickens the beholder, from the cheerless desolation which it every where reveals. Dr. Thornwell wove his argument in fire. His mind warmed with the friction of its own thoughts, and glowed under the rapidity of its own motion; and the speaker was borne along in what seemed to others a chariot of flame. One must have listened to him to form an adequate conception of what we mean. Penetrated with the sublimity of his theme, and feeling in the depths of his soul its transcendent importance, he could not preach the Gospel of the grace of God

with the freezing coldness of a philosopher. As the flood of his discourse set in, one could perceive the ground-swell from beneath, the heaving tide of passionate emotion which rolled it on. Kindling with a secret inspiration as he proceeded, his manner lost its slight constraint; all angularity of gesture and ungracefulness of posture suddenly disappeared: the spasmodic shaking of the head entirely ceased; his slender form dilated; his deep black eye lost its drooping expression; the soul came and looked forth, lighting it up with a strange, unearthly brilliancy; his frail body rocked and trembled as under a divine afflatus, as though the impatient soul would rend its tabernacle and fly forth to God and heaven upon the wings of his impassioned words; until his fiery eloquence, rising with the greatness of his conceptions, would burst upon the hearer in some grand climax, overwhelming in its majesty and resistless in its effect. In all this, as may be conceived, there was no declamation, no "histrionic mummery," no straining for effect, nothing approaching to rant. All was natural, the simple product of thought and feeling wonderfully combined. We saw the whirlwind as it rose and gathered up the waters of the sea; we saw it in its headlong course, and in the bursting of its power. However vehement his passion, it was justified by the massive thought which engendered it; and in all the storm of his eloquence, the genius of logic could be seen presiding over its elements, and guiding its course. The hearer had just that sense of power, which power gives when seen under a measure of restraint. The speaker's fulness was not exhausted; language only failed to convey what was left behind.

But this picture would be incomplete, if we failed to speak of the magnificent diction which formed the vesture of his noble thoughts. "It is," says one, "the plumage of the royal bird which bears him upward to the sun;" and Dr. Thornwell was far from being insensible to the power of language. In his early life, it was with him an affec-

tionate study; and in later years, it was his habit before any great public effort to tone his style by reading a few pages from some master in composition—sometimes it was a passage from Robert Hall, sometimes of Edward Gibbon, sometimes of Edmund Burke, sometimes of glorious old Milton; but oftener yet he drank from that old well of eloquence, Demosthenes for the Crown. His spoken style was unquestionably, however, the general result of his life's study. His habits of close thinking exacted a choice of words. We think in language, however unconscious we may be of the process. It is the only embodiment of thought, without which we can not represent it to ourselves. Style, therefore, is not so much cut and fitted to the thought by an artificial and secondary labor, as it is woven by the thought in the course of its own developement. Hence the precision which uniformly characterized Dr. Thornwell's style. He was, above other men, a close thinker; a thinker who had daily to think his thoughts aloud in the hearing of his pupils. The utmost exactness in language was required by the studies of his department. The subtle spirit of philosophy could only be held, as it was caught and imprisoned in the precise word which fitted it; and so his whole career as a teacher was a training for himself as a master in style. The classical studies which he pursued so diligently when young, and which were never remitted even to the close of his life, were a continued exposition of language: so that, in a thousand cases, you shall not find a ripe scholar who is not equally a finished writer. In addition to all, his copious reading opened to him the whole vocabulary of his native tongue. "Reading," says Lord Bacon, "makes a full man; writing, an exact man; and speaking, a ready man." Dr. Thornwell was all three, habitually, and through a long life. He read abundantly, and in all directions, and acquired insensibly that copiousness of language which formed one of the attributes of his style. But it was the union of precision with fulness which distinguished his

utterances. In the most rapid flow of his speech, his style was beyond impeachment. It was always the right word for the thought, and the whole vocabulary of language could not have furnished a substitute; while, in the amplification of his thought, his mind, like a kaleidoscope, presented an infinite variety of terms, and the same combination never palled by repetition. To this precision and copiousness was added a certain richness of expression, a courtliness of style; which can only be explained by the majesty of his thought, which disdained to appear in the dress of the clown.

To understand Dr. Thornwell's power in the pulpit, these several elements must be combined—his powerful logic, his passionate emotion, his majestic style—of which it may be said, as of Lord Brougham's, that "he wielded the club of Hercules entwined with roses." This generation will never look upon his like again: a single century can not afford to produce his equal. We shall listen to much lucid exposition, much close and powerful reasoning, much tender and earnest appeal, much beautiful and varied imagery. But never again from the lips of one man shall our souls be stirred by vigor of argument fused by a seraph's glow, and pouring itself forth in strains which linger around the memory like the chant of angels. Since his death, we have heard the regret expressed that his unwritten sermons had not been preserved through the labors of a reporter. It is well the attempt was never made. Dr. Thornwell could not have been reported. The spell of his eloquence would have paralyzed the skill of the most accomplished stenographer. But if not, what invented symbols could convey that kindling eye, those trembling and varied tones, the expressive attitude, the foreshadowing and typical gesture, the whole quivering frame, which made up in him the complement of the finished orator? It were as vain to sketch the thunder's roar or the lightning's flash—to paint the fleecy cloud or the white crest of the ocean wave. No!

the orator must live through tradition: and to make that tradition these feeble words are uttered by me to-night.

We transfer Dr. Thornwell, and view him next in THE CHURCH COURTS, the ecclesiastical statesman. Were we not addressing those perfectly conversant with the fact, we should fear to present this man of the closet as the wisest of practical counsellors. Yet the combination, though rare, is not unexampled. Paul, the writer and logician among the apostles, was, above them all, the man of action. He had upon him the care of all the churches, and was not inferior to the practical James in executive direction. Calvin, the great writer and expositor of the Reformation, bore upon his shoulders the weight of the Genevan state. So solid was his judgment, that all portions of the Reformed Church turned to him for advice; and the burden of his correspondence alone would have overwhelmed any ordinary man. So with him whose memory we cherish this day. In every sphere in which he moved—whether as a professor in the college faculty, or as a trustee in its board of administration, or in the broader area of an ecclesiastical council—he was remarked for his practical good sense, and became a leader among equals. One secret of this is found in the fact that his principles of action were all settled. They were not left to be gathered up in the hurry of an emergency, amid the dust and strife of debate; but were antecedently determined, and no temptation could induce him to swerve from their maintenance. No man was ever less under the guidance of mere expediency than he, whether the question related to the private intercourse of man with man, or ranged upon a higher scale in matters of public policy. None saw more clearly that so shifting a rule as that of expediency could never prescribe an even or consistent course. He fixed, therefore, for himself, finally and for ever, the great principles of private and of public morality, and these were his guides through every labyrinth of doubt. In this is found the capital distinction between

a ripe statesman and the stock-jobbing politician: the one starts out with catholic and fundamental principles, which determine his entire course; the other floats upon the current of events, is borne off into every eddy, and reflects little else but the changefulness of popular opinion. There is, indeed, with the former, continual danger of mistake in the application of his canons to particular cases. But an honest and clear mind, guarding itself against prejudice and passion, will not often trip; but will preserve, for the most part, a manly and beautiful consistency through all the shiftings of a public career.

Another element of Dr. Thornwell's influence in council lay in the caution with which all his particular judgments were formed—waiting for a full rendering of facts, and suspending his opinion until the case had been considered on every side. Even in the intimacy of private life, this cautiousness marked his utterances. An innate sense of justice and rare integrity of heart seemed to check a premature expression. Thus he was seldom constrained to retract his judgments. He was preserved, on the one hand, from the weakness of vacillation, and on the other, from the criminal obstinacy of adhering to opinions which ought to yield under the pressure of convincing reasons. Public confidence was continually challenged by this prudence of reserve, which had its springs alike in the dictates of wisdom and of moral propriety. He found an advantage, too, in the rapidity of his mental operations sweeping him on to his conclusions, far in advance of others. His wonderful power of analysis resolved complexities in which others were entangled; and whilst they were searching for the clue by which to extricate themselves, he had already seized the ultimate principle which unravelled all difficulties and settled every doubt. Nor should we omit, in this enumeration of his practical qualities, a certain positiveness of mind, which lifted him above the danger of indecision, and, as if by a sort of internal necessity, compelled him to

frame a positive judgment upon every issue. It is the infirmity of some minds to be always trembling upon the balance, incapable of deciding whether to descend upon this side or upon that of every question. These are the unfortunate incapables who swell the list of non-liquets on the records of our Church courts; or who, in their desperation, leap blindly upon a vote, as a man would leap from a railway train, not knowing whether he will land upon a bed of sand or in a brake of thorns. On the contrary, every deliberative body reveals examples of men who, by their greater positiveness of mind and character, lead those far superior to them in ability and general attainments—men in whom strength of will and decision of character stand in the stead of intellectual power. In a body of counsellors, the ready always lead the unready. From the imbecility here rebuked, Dr. Thornwell was perfectly free. In every situation he could not but think—if difficulties embarrassed any question, he only thought with more intensity—but he always thought to a conclusion. If he was cautious not to speak till his convictions were matured, yet he always came to time, and so always led.

But the moral quality which secured him unbounded influence as a counsellor was, the transparent honesty of his heart. He was no intriguer, had no by-ends to accomplish, never worked by indirection. His heart was in his hand, and every man could read it. When he rose in debate, the motto seemed to be engraved upon his forehead: "I believed, therefore have I spoken;" and he was believed. None doubted the sincerity of his utterance, or suspected a trap to catch the feet of the unwary. Straightforward himself, he dealt honestly with his colleagues: and if he could not carry his point by fair argument, he was content to fail. Winning confidence thus by his manly and truthful bearing, the cogency of his reasoning met with little resistance either of resentment or prejudice, and seldom succumbed under defeat.

For all the duties of a churchman, Dr. Thornwell was perfectly equipped. He had sifted the controversies which, through eighteen centuries, have been waged touching the organization of the Church, and had deduced from the writings of the apostles the principles which are fundamental to her existence through all coming time. He had studied with care the constitution of his own church, from those great principles which underlie her whole polity, to the minutest rule of order for her internal management; and no man ever surpassed him as an expounder of her laws. He was also versed in those parliamentary rules by which deliberative assemblies are usually governed; and thus, upon every hand, was fitted to be a leader in our ecclesiastical councils. Over the entire church he wielded the influence, though not clothed with the jurisdiction, of an acknowledged primate. The church signalized her appreciation of his abilities, not only by conferring upon him the highest honor in her gift, that of once presiding over her highest court, but also by calling him to the most responsible and difficult duties in all her assemblies. Both before and since the rupture of our national and ecclesiastical bonds, the delicate task of revising her code of discipline was twice placed mainly in his hands. Great as her loss may be, when she mourns over the greatest of her theologians and preachers, it will be felt heaviest, in this day of general reconstruction, now that her wisest statesman is removed from her councils. Never was there an hour, according to human view, when she could have spared him less; now, in the infancy of her new national existence, when her public policy needs to be drafted, and the principles clearly announced upon which her great enterprises are to be conducted, he that had the ear and the heart of the whole country is taken away, and the bereaved church covers her head with a mantle, and sits a mourner beside his grave. May it not be that he He who is supremely jealous of His own honor has, for a purpose, smitten our

trust in a human arm, and challenges a sublime faith in His own power and grace to lead us through all perils? If this be the lesson of His providence, may His Spirit seal it with sanctifying virtue upon the heart of the nation and of the Church!

Our survey will be complete when he have viewed Dr. Thornwell, in the last place, as A CHRISTIAN AND A MAN. Of an exceedingly spare habit, his medium stature diminished by a slight stoop; with a forehead well developed, but not ample; the features of his face small; with a carriage of the body rather marked by negligence than grace; his personal presence can not be described as commanding. Yet he would be singled out from a convention of men even by a careless observer. His hair rivalling the raven in its blackness, and, above all, his redeeming eye, deep set and black, and capable of the utmost intensity of expression, and a certain air of abstraction upon his countenance, denoted a man who was to be separated from others. The retirement of scholastic life, and the boundless resources he had within himself, withdrew him in a large measure from general intercourse with society. While his official relations sometimes forced him from seclusion, and his valuable counsels were invoked by many, he did not ordinarily put himself forth to seek communion with the bustling world around him. Though by no means an ascetic, and while his warm sympathies took hold of life upon every side, he was rather to be sought than to be himself a seeker. Whoever desired, might readily approach him; no man ever found himself repelled either by the coldness or the indifference of his manner. In general society, for which he had a confessed aversion, he was rather thoughtful and silent than communicative. But in the circle of his chosen friends, and in the bosom of his family, he poured forth the contents of his soul. It was then the entire nature of the man was revealed. Endowed with rare conversational powers, he emptied his stores of learning, and discussed his favorite themes of philosophy; or dived into the deeper

mysteries of religion, and uttered the experiences of his own heart; or else, descending from these graver topics, he sported with the glee of childhood itself in banter and jest, abounding with repartee, and diffusing the glow of his genial humor. Full of anecdote, and fond of badinage, his lighter conversation sparkled with wit; carried sometimes to excess, if one did not recognize it as the recreation of a mind that needed thus to unbend itself, and found its refreshment only in the easier play of its own powers. His affections were warm and enduring, often leading him to overestimate those in whom he confided. Lifted by his own greatness above the temptation of jealousy, he rejoiced, without the slightest infusion of envy, in the advancement of others. Generous in all his instincts, there was no sacrifice he would not make for his friends. Indulgent to his own household, he passed through its petty cares without permitting himself or them to be corroded by the anxieties of earth; but, smoothing over disappointments, he made life's path less rugged to their feet. Cherishing in his own heart the utmost loyalty to truth, he was never soured when thwarted in his projects; but waited with sublime confidence for truth and right to vindicate their own majesty. In this way, the dew of his youth was never exhaled; he remained elastic and fresh to the last, no generous sentiment or instinct of his nature being withered by age. With such attributes, he possessed the power of all truly great men, of magnetizing those brought under his influence; and it must have been a very strong or a very feeble nature that did not yield to his attraction. His friends are bound to him by cords of affection which even death will prove unequal to break.

> "He was one
> The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
> That he enchants societies unto him:
> Half all men's hearts were his."

As a Christian, it will suffice to say that the type of his theology was the type of his experience. He was not the

man to divorce the understanding from the heart. He concurred fully with all the Reformers in their definition of true faith, which, as Calvin says, is "not formed by the addition of pious affection as an accessory to assent, but the assent itself consists in pious affection." In his own language, "the form of Christian knowledge is love; it is a higher energy than bare speculation; it blends into indissoluble unity intelligence and emotion; knows by loving, and loves by knowing." Those, therefore, entirely misconceived him who supposed the form of his religious experience to be even predominantly intellectual; a religion of stern principle alone, separated from the affections of the heart. On the contrary, in his own beautiful exposition, "the mind sees not only the reality of truth, but its beauty and glory; it so sees as to make it feel; the perceptions are analogous to those of the right and beautiful, in which feeling exactly expresses the intellectual energy." His inner life practically illustrated this happy union of the mind and heart, and revealed the "faith which worketh by love." The same strong views which the theologian held upon the nature of sin, bowed the Christian in penitential grief before the Redeemer's cross; the same clear exposition given by the one of man's helplessness in a state of nature, cast the other upon the infinite power and riches of divine grace; the same clear discovery of the completeness and sufficiency of the atonement which made this the centre from which the preacher's discourses all radiate, led the believer to throw the arms of his affection around the Saviour with rapturous delight; the same conviction of the necessity for a divine revelation which led the Christian apologist to stand most stoutly in defence of its inspiration, bowed also his reason into the docility of faith before the teachings of Scripture; the same recognition of God's rightful supremacy which in the class-room placed the crown of dominion upon the King of kings, sustained the afflicted saint in the hour of bereavement, and filled his soul with solemn awe as he passed beneath the rod; the same intelligent reason

which owned the majesty and eternity of divine law, brought the will into the subjection of constant obedience to its commands; the same clear view of the resistless operations of the Holy Spirit, invoked His aid in the whole work of his own personal sanctification; and the same sense he entertained of the nature and functions of the Church of God, engaged him with his whole heart in her sublime efforts to evangelize the world. In short, a most beautiful harmony obtained between his secret exercises and his public utterances. There was no conflict between his preaching and his prayers. It was not one man in the class-room with his pupils, and another man in the closet with his God; but a delightful consistency ran through his character, both as a teacher and Christian.

We only state the great law of the Christian life, when we speak of growth—first the tender blade, and then the full corn in the ear. Dr. Thornwell ripened in holiness to the very hour of his translation. His humility became more profound, his faith more abiding, his love more glowing, his will chastened into deeper submission. He did not escape the discipline of sorrow by which the Lord refines His people. The cup of bereavement, with its bitterest ingredients, was once and again put to his lips. A delightful softness was diffused over his Christian character. The sharper and sterner features were worn down into more perfect symmetry and grace. He became more gentle in his censures, more catholic in his love. His views of the Divine holiness and of the Redeemer's glory, were always grand; they now became more sublime and adoring. He rose above the speculations of reason, and approached more nearly the ecstacy and rapture of a seraph. Upon his dying bed, the Holy Spirit placed His last seal upon his brow. Lying apparently unconscious for hours, most delightful smiles played over his countenance, like the flashings of a summer evening's cloud. His last broken words, upon which the departing soul was borne into the bosom of God, were ejaculations of wonder and of praise. "Wonderful!

beautiful! nothing but space! expanse, expanse, expanse!" and so he passed upward and stood before the Throne.

Christian fathers and brethren, it is idle to utter words of grief over the irreparable loss we have sustained.

> "Our size of sorrow,
> Proportioned to its cause, must be as great
> As that which makes it."

There are no words in which it may be embalmed and brought forth into public view. Rather let us, in the depth of our own sadness, bow in thanksgiving before that Infinite Goodness which lent him to us so long. We may, too, lawfully enter into his joy. With our hearts' love twining around him, we follow him in his sublime ascension, and heaven is brought nearer than before. Think of his first half-hour in heaven! standing within the gates of pearl, and looking with open gaze upon the transporting glories of the scene! Behold him in personal communion with those worthies of the Church militant with whom on earth he once held refreshing converse through their precious writings; sitting beside Owen, and Howe, and Charnock, and Flavel, and Baxter, and Erskine; joining in immortal discourse with Luther, and Beza, and Melancthon, and Zwingle, and Calvin; holding fellowship, face to face, with Peter, and with John, and with the beloved Paul, whose sacred words had so often inspired his holiest eloquence on earth; and passing up through the shining hierarchy, until his fresh crown is cast before the Lamb, while the arches of the grand Temple ring with the acclaim of ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, swelling anew the triumphant anthem of redeeming grace.

> "How glorious now, with vision purified
> At the Essential Truth, entirely free
> From error, he, investigating still,
> From world to world at pleasure roves, on wing
> Of golden ray upborne; or, at the feet
> Of heaven's most ancient sages sitting, hears
> New wonders of the wondrous works of God